South Carolina's Newsweekly

OSCEOLA

May 4, 1978

EICHEL, HENRY
ROOM 704 CHARLOTTE OBS. BUREA
COLUMBIA SC 29201

A day of protest

A weekend of concern

Protesting at Barnwell: See page eight

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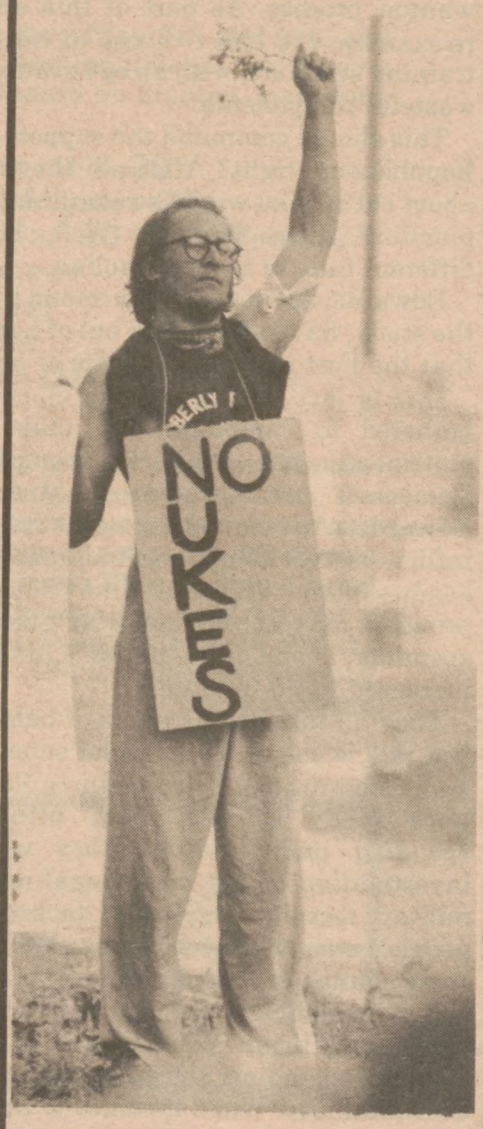

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Opinion

Editor's Commentary

BY VAL STIEGLITZ

Hypocrisy in action

Hypocrisy is a wondrous thing to behold. In its purest form - that currently being practiced by Jim Edwards, Floyd Spence and Strom Thurmond - it possesses almost a charm, so outrageous are its proportions.

Republicans spend half their waking lives criticizing Democrats for fiscal promiscuity. If you believed even one part of what comes out of the mouths of Republicans like Edwards, Spence and Thurmond, you'd think that Jimmy Carter was the leading wastrel of the western world. During his campaign in 1976, he was portrayed as the proponent of more government spending, more waste in government. All the while, the Republicans pat themselves on the back and tell one another that they, alone, understand the importance of fiscal conservatism.

Well, we can now see the utter bankruptcy of this self-satisfaction.

When it became known that the Defense Department was beginning a study which could, possibly, lead to the closing of Fort Jackson, the local GOP establishment cried like stuck pigs! Now how in the world can you run a tight fiscal ship unless you weed out the fat and the inefficient? You can't. And Carter seems to be serious about trying to bring the federal budget under control, about trying to inject some semblance of restraint into what has been a rather wanton process. As part of this effort, he wants to re-examine the effectiveness of the nation's military training structure, with an eye toward cutting loose the wasteful components.

This should command the support of money-minded Republicans, right? After all, they're always talking about cutting out waste, streamlining government and pinching those pennies. Well, they're singing a different tune in South Carolina.

Edwards, Spence and Thurmond have all denounced the study, have all rejected out of hand the proposition that the Fort might be a waste of taxpayer's money.

This is just pure hypocrisy! Spence, when he has bothered to campaign and make coherent public statements, has regularly spouted that old "The Democrats are spending us into oblivion" line. Edwards, when not admiring the Johannesburg slums, inflicts us with homilies on balancing the budget with a businessman's keen eye. And Thurmond, who stands proud on his record of opposing hikes in social welfare spending, is one of the nation's foremost advocates of increased fiscal restraint.

They all talk a good game of balancing the budget. But talk is cheap. Talk is a lot safer than action, than true committment. If these three Republican bastions were really serious about bringing government spending under control, they would welcome an investigation of the most frugal methods of training military recruits. And if Fort Jackson was wasting the people's money, they would swallow hard and support some change in its operation.

But Republicans are just as two-faced as any other breed of politician. When it suits, they'll rave on about excessive spending, spiraling budgets and lack of fiscal accountability. When it comes to their own backyard, though, they're quite willing to get drunk on tax dollars.

Cheap Shots

How to out-politick and say two things simultaneously

More than a few educators were dismayed when the South Carolina Education Association endorsed Brantley Harvey for Governor last month. The ripples that followed through the educational community lead to the formation of a group called Educators and Parents for Riley, backing Greenville native Dick Riley in the Governor's race.

Not only does Riley have a strong record on public education issues, but Harvey sends one of his children to a private school in Columbia.

There were rumors of some sort of deal between Harvey and the SCEA, but it appears that Harvey simply had more support among the 24 members of the political action steering comittee and the statewide political action committee (PAC).

The Riley campaign had been given to believe that PAC members would resent any attempts at hard lobbying, so stayed away. Each candidate was interviewed by a three-person team, then recommendations were made to the statewide PAC, which voted on them.

Most observers were not expecting any endorsement in the gubernatorial race. Terry McMillan, SCEA President, said he was surprised to see an endorsement. Riley staffers were very surprised; they had also been told by the people inside SCEA that no endorsement would be made.

While Riley laid back, thinking that any hard politicking would backfire, and not expecting an endorsement for any candidate, Harvey actively lobbied the PAC members. It paid off when they voted to back him in the Democratic primary.

Did Harvey's position on the issues have any effect on the outcome? After all, Riley has taken the clearest stands in support of public education during the campaign.

During his interview, Harvey reportedly came down in favor of collective bargaining on the part of teachers. McMillan at first denied this, but then conceded that "he might have used those words."

Riley came out against collective bargaining.

After receiving the endorsement, Harvey said he favored collective bargaining, but without the right to strike. McMillan said that what Harvey *really* meant was "a sort of meet-and-confer arrangement."

Well, collective bargaining is very different from meeting and confering. Which is it that Brantley Harvey supports?

The Riley people are in the process of organizing the teachers and parents who were disgruntled with the Harvey endorsement, but it appears to be somewhat late now - Harvey got the headline and Dick Riley got out - politicked on this one.

Strom Thurmond

Only warm registered bodies need apply

The recent flap over the future of Fort Jackson outside Columbia could hardly be coming at a better time for Strom Thurmond. All Thurmond has to do is emphasize his weight in the Pentagon and he implicitly shows South Carolinians what they've got going for them.

The Defense Department isn't going to make any determination on the Fort before the November Senate election. And Thurmond, you can be sure, will periodically "report to the people" the latest inside information it if bodes well for the continued operation of the training center.

What can Pug Ravenel do in return? Nothing. Thurmond is running on the contacts he has made in 24 years in Washington, especially the contacts he has made in one of the state's high employment industries - the military. The

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Cheap Shots

(Continued From Page 2)

Fort Jackson hoorah is a perfect showcase for him. He can quote friends, sources in the Defense Dept., cite assurances he has personally received and remind people that a freshman senator wouldn't have the clout and access that he, Strom Thurmond, has.

A stroke of campaign luck it is, at which Pug Ravenel can only sigh.

Thurmond is just beginning what will probably be the greatest -warm- body blitz the state has ever seen. Within the past few weeks the senator has assembled large numbers of human beings in Columbia in shows of support and confidence. First it was a group of some 150 mayors of South Carolina towns, gathered in Columbia to show their fealty to Strom. Next it was hundreds of high school, college and junior college students at Maxcy Greg Park, paying homage to the senator.

This, of course, is the Thurmond style. Pug Ravenel's advertising budget contains nary a penny for the print media - it's all television, a la 1974. The challenger doesn't have the long personal associations Thurmond has built, but does have a certain electric charisma that comes through on the screen.

Thurmond sounds like your didactic grandfather on tv, and looks worse. He doesn't seem comfortable in front of the camera, and is more in his element amid throngs of pressing flesh. It is natural, then, that his campaign would focus on personal contacts, spinning his web out ot schools through classroom leaders, to small towns via local politicos. And you can be sure it's not stopping with these two groups - mayors and students. Just this week he held a gathering of sports figures who support Thurmond, led by Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough, who also plan to campaign for him.

Strom Thurmond would wrestle tag-team in the Township Auditorium if it would bring in votes. He would form a club of left-handed blondes born on St. Valentines Day and drag it to Columbia for a press conference if necessary. He'll probably come near to shaking every hand in the state by November, and this demonic lust for warm, and registered bodies is precisely why he will be such a tough nut for Ravenel to crack.

Was PRT SCREWED?

If you were leafing through SCREW magazine in Febraury, you might have noticed something odd; a South Carolina travel ad right next to the ads for gay bath houses, massage parlors and swinger's bars.

"South Carolina - it's a lot of great vacations," read the state Parks, Recreation and Tourism (PRT) advertisement. Interested readers were told to clip a coupon and send for more information on vacationing in South Carolina, as well as a "South Carolina trip kit," whatever that may be.

SCREW, which bills itself as The Sex Review, is hardly the place you'd expect to find the state advertising. And, in fact, it's not. There's no need for the Baptists to commence slinging brimstone at PRT.

What happened was that SCREW picked up the ad from some other publication and ran it without the okay of PRT. The department's advertising campaign does not include running in SCREW, says Felix Walker, who is in charge of advertising at PRT.

Walker says PRT is running ads in several national magazines at present; National Geographic, Popular Mechanics, Smithsonian and Golf Digest among others. Each ad is keyed to tell PRT what publication it is placed in, allowing the staff to measure the response from each publication. So far, twelve have been returned from the ad in SCREW; they could tell this because it carried no key at all.

There's not much the state can do to keep any magazine from picking up one of its ads, but the private ad agency which places PRT ads - the Henderson Agency in Greenville - has been in touch with SCREW asking them to refrain from pushing South Carolina vacations in its pages henceforth.

Too many for too few

Remember when Dennis Bolt was running for Mayor of Columbia, full of righteous indignation over substandard

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At Groucho's

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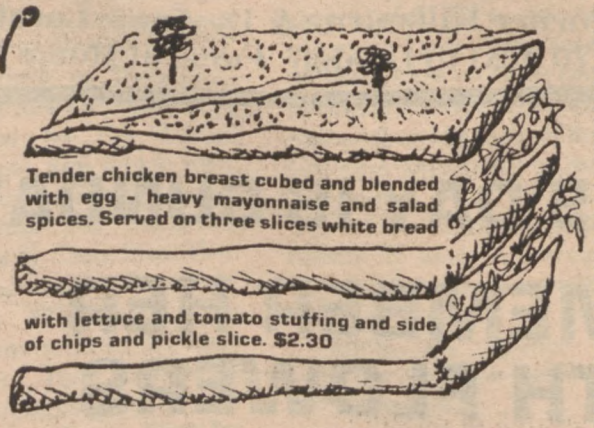

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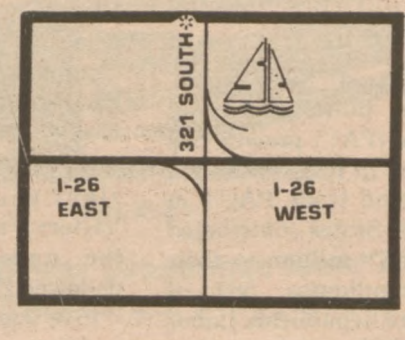

*Hwy 321 is the old "Charleston" Highway

The Governor's Race

The new way of buying votes in S.C.

They're called PAC's and spend big bucks

by Jill Abramson

The role of special interest money in South Carolina politics is as traditional as the Galavantis Ferry Stump Meeting. The sight of lobbyists buzzing in the ears of politicians is as familiar as the Confederate flag flying over the capitol. Corporate involvement in statewide campaigns is as South Carolinian as, well, the palmetto.

What's new is that the public pressure for more openness in statewide campaigns and stricter federal disclosure laws are telling us more about who's getting what from which special interest groups. Three of the Democratic candidates for Governor, Messrs. Riley, Turnipseed and Dorn have (or will shortly) voluntarily disclose their campaign contributions well before the law requires. Only Lt. Gov. Harvey is holding out until the legal deadline of two weeks before the June primary. Last week, Raymon Finch announced that he will disclose "every nickel" of his contributions, while Ed Young is opting to wait until the legal deadline.

Since the ethics and campaign disclosure laws in South Carolina are so weak, and since direct corporate contributions are legal, the big banks, insurance companies, textile companies, utilities and other special interests have dumped large sums into the coffers of their chosen candidates each election year. However, during the past two years the method of those contributions has begun to change. A trend that has changed the face of fund-raising at the national level has filtered down to the statewide level: the formation of the political action committee.

In the past three years, corporate political action committee (PAC) growth has quintupled. In 1976, corporate, business and trade PAC's in the United States contributed a record $6.9 million to their chosen candidates, 58% of whom were Republican. Labor union PAC's and teacher organizations donated a stunning $8.1 million to campaigns, 96% of which went to Democratic candidates. 1978 promises to be an even bigger year for the PAC's.

At the South Carolina Election Commission there are several boxes crammed tight with manila folders containing the disclosure forms for scores of PAC's. They have soothing, civic sounding names like the Political Awareness Fund (the PAC for Union Oil of California) or the Carolinians Good Government Fund (the PAC for Bankers Trust of South Carolina). There is even a PAC for manufacturers of mobile homes called the Mobile Home Action Committee. All of these groups have contributed significant sums of money to South Carolina candidates.

Congressional candidates have been the major beneficiaries of the PAC's. Incumbent U.S. Senator Strom Thurmond has received an unbelievable $84,000 from PAC's, mostly representing weapons manufacturers, the big oil companies, and automobile and truck dealers. Democrat Charles "Pug" Ravenel has received less than $10,000, mostly from labor union PAC's. Incumbent Democrat Mendel Davis has received more than $11,000 in PAC contributions. And in three months alone (July-September, 1977) Democratic Congressman Ken Holland received over $10,000 from various PAC's.

The list goes on. Congressman Butler Derrick has received $13,000 PAC funds thus far. During the first three months of this year, all of John Jenrette's money was raised from PAC's. Republican Floyd Spence has received over $16,000 from PAC's. Republican candidate Carroll Campbell is the only non-incumbent congressional candidate to have received PAC contributions, nearly $8,000, including a $1,000 contribution from the ultra-right-wing Conservative Victory Fund which is one of the nation's most heavily endowed PAC's.

PAC's are beginning to play a bigger role in statewide elections as well. In South Carolina, new PAC's seem to be sprouting up in every corner of the state. Besides the Carolinians Good Government Fund of Bankers Trust, there are the South Carolina Credit Union League PAC, the South Carolina Optometrists Association PAC, the Riegel People for Good Government Fund of the Riegel Textiles Corp. in Ware Shoals, S.C., the South Carolina PAC of the S.C. Medical Association and the Carolinas PAC of Duke Power Company. SCE & G is rumored to have a flourishing PAC and C & S Banks is said to be thinking of establishing its own PAC.

Coupled with the economic might of the traditional lobbying organizations like the South Carolina Textiles Manufacturers Association, the South Carolina Homebuilders Association or the Savings and Loan League (to name only a few) the PAC's have clearly become a major force in South Carolina.

Dick Riley's disclosure shows that the Greenville Democrat has received $3,000 from the Special Political Agricultural Community Education PAC of Louisville, Kentucky. SPACE (as it is fondly known) is a PAC for independent dairymen who lobby on agricultural issues. He received $405 from the Riegel Corp. PAC, $250 from the JP Stevens Good Government Fund, $200 from the Transportation Political Education League (an out-of-state PAC for railway workers), $350 from Bankers Trust and $700 from the South Carolina Political Action Committee, the PAC for the South Carolina Medical Association. No lobbyists or lobbying organizations have

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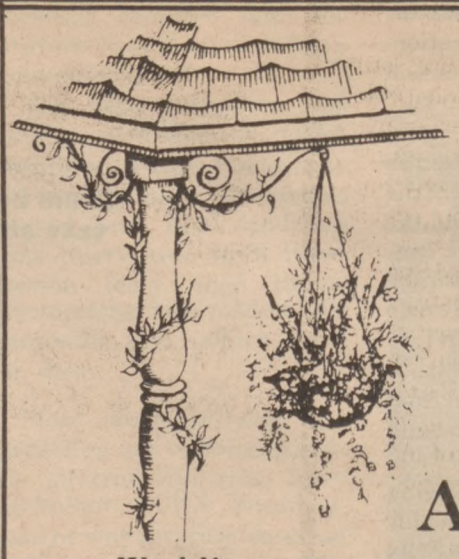
Harvey: Squishy on disclosure?

Turnipseed: Little special interest money



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Statewide

The big guns shy away from Floyd

It looks like another free ride

By Nancy Higgins

"It's a damn sorry commentary on the progressive Democrats in this district to allow (Floyd) Spence to get away," says one political observer in Richland County.

"Important issues are being decided in Congress. To allow a hack like Spence to represent us is just criminal," he added the other day. "Fie on the heads of (State Sen.) Alex Sanders and people like that who could beat him and won't run.

Since then, two presumably serious Democrats have filed for their party's nomination for the Second District seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. But the local "big name" Democrats, the elected officials like Sanders, did not enter the fray.

Jack Bass and B.E. "Bud" Hadley are the Democrats competing for a chance to take on Spence. Bass, who just resigned as writer-in-residence at South Carolina State College,, is better known for writing about politics than participating in it. A former Columbia bureau chief for the Charlotte Observer, he is co-author of "The Transformation of Southern Politics" and "The Orangeburg Massacre." Bass was W.J.B. Dorn's press secretary during Dorn's unsuccessful gubernatorial race in 1974.

Hadley is a Lexington County businessman with interests in a construction company and paramedical services. He has served as finance director of the Lexington County Democratic party and ran against State Rep. Norman Russell in 1974.

A plethora of Democrats have been mentioned as likely candidates for the Second District seat, now and in 1980. In addition to Sanders, they include Rep. Bill Campbell, Rep. Jean H. Toal, State Sen. Isadore Lourie and State Sen. Heyward McDonald. Last week, rumors circulated that State Sen. Tom Turnipseed might be interested in the seat. He squelched that by filing for governor on Monday.

In 1976, Clyde Livingston, an accountant from Orangeburg, received 41 per cent of the vote in a non-race against Spence. Livingston cheerfully admitted he was just running to show there was opposition to Spence. According to a report filed with the clerk of the U.S. House of Representatives, and on file at the South Carolina Election Commission, he spent nothing on his campaign.

To some this meant that Spence was in trouble. "Democrats are already lining up to run against Spence in 1978. He is no longer viewed as Mr. Invincible," said a newspaper analysis published shortly after the election. "From all signs, Spence's six-year honeymoon period with the Second District Democrats appears to be ending. They say there will be no free ride for the Congressman in 1978..." the story went on.

The Democrats are still saying Spence is vulnerable. "Criticisms are leveled at him that he has voted against consumer interests, environmental interests and educational interests," Sanders says. He also criticized Spence for his support of construction of the Richard Russell dam. "The district's own local Congressman (Butler Derrick), says it's a boondoggle and a waste of money and, as near as I can tell, the Republican governor agrees with him."

Spence received a 90 per cent rating by the Americans For Constitutional Action and a 97 rating by the American Conservative Union for 1977. The liberal Americans for Democratic Action gave him a 0 per cent rating. All three groups pick 20 to 40 "key" issues and rate Congressmen on their votes on these issues. In the ACU poll, Spence scored higher than the dean of South Carolina conservatives, Strom Thurmond.

Some Democrats, maintain Spence is more conservative than his constituents on basic issues.

Others say Spence just hasn't been an effective Congressman.

If these things are true, why aren't more prominent Democrats putting themselves on the line to prove it?

One big reason is money. State Party Chairman Don Fowler describes 1978 as "the biggest political year in South Carolina history." If this is determined by the number of candidates, he may be right. Fowler estimates Thurmond and Charles "Pug" Ravenel will spend $1 million each in the U.S. Senate race. He expects the four Democratic candidates for governor to spend a total of $750,000 in the primary. In addition to these race, there are candidates for lieutenant governor, secretary of state and so forth. It might take a while for the Democratic money to filter down to a Congressional race, particularly one which would be hard to win.

Floyd Spence

Estimates of the cost of a successful campaign against Spence vary. Lourie says a race could cost as little as $50,000, "assuming you don't have vigorous primary opposition."

Spence himself says a Democrat would have to spend about $200,000, "if he's going to run a good race." He is hoping to "get by" on $125,000. However, he says that could be affected by what his opponent spends.

Sanders, Campbell and Rogers believe the cost of the campaign could be as high as

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The Governor's Race

The new way of buying votes in S.C.

(Continued From Page 4)

contributed to Riley's campaign. Textile related contributions have been estimated at $10,000.

Former Congressman Bryan Dorn has received $1,000 from the Bankers Trust PAC and $250 from the JP Stevens Good Government Fund. No money has come from lobbyists or lobbying groups. Since Dorn's disclosure had not been completed at press time, there was no tally of corporate donations.

Despite the endorsement of the AFL-CIO, Tom Turnipseed has only received $640 from labor groups, a single donation from Communications Wokers of America District 3 Political Education Committee in Atlanta. Turnipseed, the first gubernatorial candidate to make voluntary disclosure an issue, has said he will not accept special interest contributions. His disclosure reveals that he has stuck to his word.

Lt. Governor Harvey's involvement with PAC money, lobbyist funds, and other special interest money remains a mystery. The record shows he has received $350 from Bankers Trust and $20 from the South Carolina Credit Union PAC. An aide to another gubernatorial candidate confided that "we've heard that lobbying organizations like the Homebuilders Association have offered Brantley all the help he needs."

Harvey's refusal to disclose has become a major issue in the Democratic race for Governor. Turnipseed has thundered, "we can only wonder what special interests have filled Brantley Harvey's campaign war chest." Riley held a press conference last week to blast Harvey, revealing Harvey's lawfirm has received a $68,000 retainer from SCE & G. The Riley campaign also sent the press copies of a news article from the **Charlotte Observer** which revealed that C & S officials had been active in organizing a Harvey fundraiser at $1,000 a head. All his opponents criticize Harvey for advocating stricter ethics laws while he himself refuses to make a voluntary disclosure.

Neither candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor has received PAC or lobbyist contributions. However, as a congressional candidate in 1976, Ed Young received over $15,000 in corporate PAC funds, including $1,000 from the ultra-conservative Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress.

In the case of most PAC's, it is common to play both sides of the street and give to more than one candidate in a political race. (Witness JP Stevens parallel contributions to Riley and Dorn, and the fact Bankers Trust has given to three candidates for Governor). Gary Page, treasurer of the Carolinians Good Government Funds says the Bankers Trust PAC has decided "to give to all candidates we would like to see elected. The function of our PAC is to promote good government and to give to those candidates who are sympathetic to banking, in general, and Bankers Trust, in particular."

Page says the Carolinians Good Government Fund hopes eventually to have $15,000 in its coffers. The people who participate in the PAC (voluntarily) are 250 of Bankers Trust 300 administrative officers. These executives give to the PAC through payroll deductions of between 1/4 of 1% to 1% of their salaries. They can earmark money for particular candidates. Unearmarked money is donated to candidates at the discretion of the PAC's steering committee. (In March, the steering committee spent 3 days interviewing candidates for Congressional, statewide and local offices). It is interesting to note that both Dick Riley and Brantley Harvey are on Bankers Trust advisory boards.

Page says that one of the reasons the PAC was formed was to shield Bankers Trust from the constant hounding of political fundraisers and candidates. "Now," Page says, "we can tell them that we already gave at the office."

Many people are concerned about the consequences of the PAC boom. They see special interest groups being organized into smaller, yet more powerful units of influence. Where once the Chamber of Commerce spoke for the entire business community, now individual groups like the Riegel Peoples Good Government Fund and the PAC of Bankers Trust have to be reckoned with individually.

One campaign aide expressed it well when he said, "PAC's are just a different form of the same problem of special interest power and influence in South Carolina. It's a sad fact of life here that politicians can be bought and PAC's, lobbyists and corporations will keep on dumping money into South Carolina campaigns until the people demand the kind of disclosure laws that will bring their practices out in the open."

Meanwhile, the special interests will keep the politicians, and their bank accounts, PAC'ed to the gills.

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Statewide

The big guns shy away from Floyd

(Continued From Page 5)

$250,000. "You need a sufficient amount of money to do the necessary media advertising," Campbell says.

Fowler says $100,000 would be a "low, reasonable figure" for the race. Most estimates hover at about that amount. Bass says he hopes to be able to spend about $125,000. Hadley believes he will need $100,000 "in order to have a chance."

Another reason some Democrats aren't challenging Spence is that he just isn't as easy a target as some people would like to believe. Matthew Perry, McDonald and Livingston "proved you can get 42 to 43 per cent of the vote," Campbell says. It is the other 8 per cent, he believes, which will be hard for a Democrat to acquire.

"I think he can be beaten very clearly but he's nobody's patsy," Fowler says.

One reason is, simply, that he is an incumbent. According to nation-wide studies, more than 90 per cent of the incumbents who run, win, Spence is happy to point out.

The heavy Spence vote in Lexington County may discourage some Democrats. McDonald, who ran against Spence in 1970, says he hoped for one-third of the vote in Lexington but received only about 26 per cent. "The people of Lexington County were extremely nice to me but Floyd was one of their own," he says.

McDonald believes any Democrat would need a "reasonable shot" at one-third of vote in that county. The district as a whole, and Lexington, may be becoming more liberal, he says. The extent to which it is changing is the question a challenger would have to answer.

Another big point in Spence's favor is his personality. Mention his name and you will hear adjectives like "nice" and "affable," even from people who consider him an ineffective legislator.

Lourie went as far as to say he doesn't think Spence is a bad Congressman, even if he isn't "as active in sponsoring and promoting legislation as he might be."

Spence might even get a little sympathy vote this year. "Floyd just lost his wife and that might have something to do with it (why some people aren't challenging him)," Tom Elliott, Richland County treasurer, says. "Nobody wants to pick on a grieving man. That's a fact."

Personal reasons are also the kind many people give for not running for the seat. "The problem with running for Congress is figuring out who you would have to pay to go to Washington and serve for you. I don't want to go to Washington. I love it right here," Toal says. She says people did contact her about entering the race but she doesn't think it would be worth the sacrifices it would mean in her family life and law practice.

"I enjoy being in the state Senate. I think I can be more effective at the present time where I'm at," Lourie says.

McDonald also says he's happy in the Senate. "I never gave a race for Congress the slightest consideration."

Campbell says "minor but continuing" health problems made a race for Congress impossible for him this year.

(Continued On Page 10)

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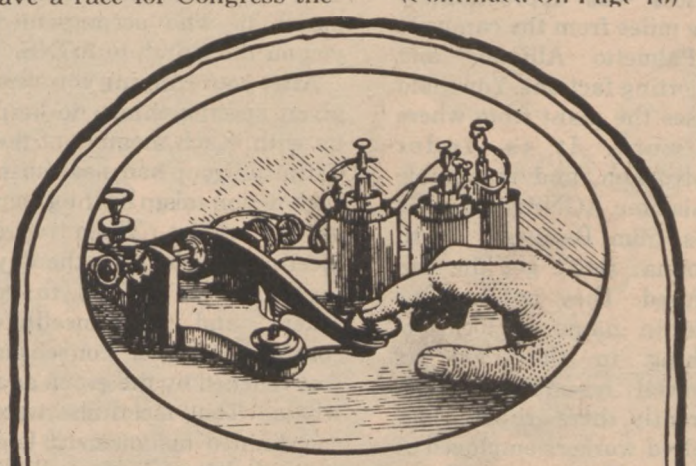

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Statewide

A day of protest

A weekend of concern

by Ken Denberg

Allied General Nuclear Services was approximately three miles from the campsite of Palmetto Alliance and supporting factions. You could not see the plant from where we were. It is under construction, and inoperable at this time. AGNS is about six miles from Barnwell, South Carolina. Don't get the two confused. They are not the same in name or location. Nothing in the town of Barnwell resembles AGNS. Currently, there are some four hundred workers employed at the plant. They must be doing something. It's a scary looking place.

When I arrived at the campsite on Saturday, April 29, it appeared to be in disaray. People were coming in from all over the country, and the world for that matter. They had support from everywhere it seemed. The Highway Patrol covered the entrance from the public access, directing traffic, and waiting to see what was going to happen. Everyone was waiting to see what would happen. Yet once I got inside the camp, found my space, and began to watch and listen, I found that it was well organized, people knew why they were there and what the purpose of the event was: to demonstrate against the opening of AGNS.

When you entered you were greeted at the sign-in booth, told what was going on and where to go, assigned to an Affinity Group for non-violent and civil disobedience training. Each group had a Spoke who represented you at each Caucus, a peacemaker, who took your name and kept track of where you were and made precautions for you in the events that followed, and a marshall. who accompanied you on the march to AGNS.

After your training you were given specific things to keep up with. Each member of the Affinity Group had a say-so in each action taken by the group as a whole. There were meetings throughout the day to decide on actions to be taken, and the meetings contined until a consensus was reached by the group as a whole. The meetings were coordinated meticuously, laid out with detail, conducted in a way that gave all the alliances represented an equal say in each decision. There were five to fifteen members in each group. It didn't just happen this way. These things had been planned for months by Palmetto Alliance and their supporters for the last five months. Also, Palmetto Alliance had been working with the officials in Barnwell County for the same amount of time.

It seemed that everybody knew what everybody else was going to do. Not exactly. Throughout the meetings the questions of bond, what was reasonable, the amount had to be decided and negotiated with the authorities, action to be taken at AGNS, if protestors were going limp at the site, be carried away, and the larger question of bond solidarity, refusal to pay and asking for a jury trial. There were over twenty affinity groups and hours were spent working out the events for the coming march, illiegal march, on Monday.

It was proposed that a test group be sent to the site to see what the reaction would be. It soon lost support because of the group's feelings of unity. It was also proposed to march to the sight and have a silent protest at the gates, then forfeit the money that was going to be used as bond to form a foundation. This turned things around for a time and seriously considered. But, who would run such an idea, organize it, carry it off?

Energy ran high on this point for some time. It meant civil-disobedience at it's best: total non-violence, putting a cap on any potential violence. However, this was Saturday night and too soon to reach a consensus. The idea was taken to the Affinity Groups for debvate. It was rejected when the Spoke meeting reconvened. Everyone came to make a social and political statement. This would never do. The purpose of the march would never be met through an action of this type. People had come for arrest, to make an impact that would last, to get the attention of the public: the Alliances meant business.

"I came to be arrested, not to be on the board of directors," a woman told me from the Catfish Alliance, "and I'm not going home till I am. I've been waiting five months for this."

(Continued On Page 9)

Letters From Our Readers

Don't underestimate the farmer's plight

Dear Editor:

I must take issue with a paragraph from your "commentary" of April 20, 1978.

The main reason Carter opposed the farm bill is because it was introduced by a Republican rather than a Democrat! And if Congressmen are flipping their wigs, it's because they (and we farmers) know something you don't know - that the American farmer is in serious trouble.

For years we have been unable to sell our products at break-even prices. Some things are 50 percent below the cost of production. Now you know - and I know - that no one can stay in business that way.

The U.S. State Department has used agriculture in America as a tool to dictate foreign policy. Therefore, they are dedicated to a cheap food supply. But the farmers cannot continue to subsidize our giveaway programs. We have borrowed and borrowed - mortaged our homes and farms to keep going - but now we have reached the end of our credit.

The average family farm is doomed to extinction unless someone wakes up and realizes that American farmers cannot continue to farm at a loss in order to feed the world.

The cost of food in America, has risen to a lesser degree than any other item - and your food budget, comparably, is the best bargain in America today.

American farmers are efficient business men and women - and we are able to feed the world - but we must be able to make a living in the process.

Sincerely,
Polly H. Woodham
Bishopville, S.C.

Statewide

A day of protest

A weekend of concern

(Continued From Page 8)

Considering the purpose of being there, it was idealistic. The Shell People, Red Jacket Alliance, and the Conkshellers were opposed to any idea of a fund. They helped abort the proposal as well.

On Sunday morning the alliances came to more conclusions: there were three groups within the whole that want to take different actions at the AGNS plant: non-violence, bond solidarity, non-civil-disobedience co-operation. It was decided that each individual had the right to take whatever action they felt to be the most effective once the site was reached on Monday, as long as it was not detremental to the group as a whole.

Time was growing short. Differences of opinions were being narrowed. The rest had to be decided later. It was time for the legal march.

The Affinity Groups lined up on the dirt road leading to the hi-way by twos. Each alliance wore their colors, carried flags, signs, and posters. The feeling was good, energy was very high. CBS, ABC, network helicopters and airplanes, TV 10, Channel 6, 4, PBS, Rolling Stone, The Village Voice, a foreign correspondent, the Boston Globe, Augusta News, The Charlotte Observer, The State Paper and The Catholic Quarterly were there and documenting every breath, blink of the eye, chant, song, every step that was going to be taken. And, so was SLED, SWAT, SC Hi-way Patrol, Barnwell Sheriff's Department, The Barnwell National Guard, AGNS Security, SC Wildlife Department, and plainclothesman. The march began. The alliances communicated with walkie-talkies, so did the media, so did the law enforcement people. Everybody knew what everybody was doing.

The march went along the sid of the road facing traffic, escorted by the Hiway Patrol, SLED, SWAT, the media, spectators went the same way. It seemed a little helter-skelter as to who would get to the AGNS plant first, ABC or CBS? The Augusta News or the State Paper? Anyway, the marchers reached it last of all and after a long hike in the sun were glad to get there, tired, and followed by the Affinity Group's water and ambulance trucks. Statements were made at the site and a petition was given to the plant representatives. Ten people deep in each direction surrounded Brett Bursey of Palmetto Alliance. I tried to get close enough to hear him, but the SWAT man and the Channel 6 cable caught me.

In effect, Bursey told the plant that if their demands weren't met that they would be back to shut AGNS down the following day. A lot of eyes were watching, a lot of voices were singing, a lot of bodies were passing by. There was a lot of movement, noise, bullhorns, people trying to get close, move away, make sure that nothing happened. I felt like one of a thousand pins in a cushion. The only woman representing AGNS had called the head security guard to meet with Bursey and receive the petition stating the alliance's demands. Her job was over for now and she moved away. The rest is media history. There was more work to do, it was time to go back and get the Spoke meetings going again: Monday was getting closer. 1,200 people had marched.

It wasn't until Sunday afternoon that I finally got a look at the facilities provided by Palmetto Alliance and the other alliances: press booth, meeting tents, a medical tent, port-o-johns, P.A. systems, food from 221 and Basil Pot, phones, band stands, campgrounds, a water cart (donated by the National Guard), parking lot register booth, a communications truck complete with printing machine, c.b., support trucks with water and bandages, security from within and training areas.

Throughout the day were press conferences, Spoke meetings, speeches from alliance supporters, further discussion on AGNS and the potential dangers, the danger the plant incurred now, others plants and the hazards they imposed. Jackson Browne gave a concert.

Late Sunday night the issues were still split. The Spoke meeting was hot in debate, arguments were solid, groups had to coalesce their

stands for the morning. John Goffman, Kitty Tucker and Bob Alverez had given statements throughout the day and the purpose for being in Barnwell had come to a head for those who were going to march in the morning. The rain that had been threatening for the last hour began to pour, the tent bobbed back and forth, but the meeting continued to hear arguments. I continued to hear arguments. It was getting late, after twelve, consensus on the issues were finally being decided.

There would be total non-violence, no one would go limp, those who wanted to get arrested had the right to do so, the ones desiring bond solidarity had a meeting prior and decided to go ahead on their own, seventeen at last count, and the ones who want county, and the ones who wanted non-violence-civil-disobedience co-operation were assigned support roles.

As well, the entire group decided that a $25 bond would be the maximum anyone would pay. If this damand wasn't met there would be total group bond solidarity.

A vehement debate surrounded this issue and the amount of dollars split the alliances for seven hours according to my notes, it not longer, over the weekend. The law enforcement people had co-operated so well on the demands put before them it was further decided to leave room for bargaining. The $25 would hold if the march went concordant with the plans already made with the authorities. Now the only thing to do was wait for morning and iron out the few issues that remained among the Affinity Groups. The morning's march was scheduled for 8:30.

Monday morning was overcast. It looked like the rain that had subsided the night before would begin again at any moment. Again the media, press and the lawenforcement people were on the ready. The line began to form. Approximately 400 people were ready to go to the site at AGNS and occupy. One-hundred of those would act as support groups and birng in what was needed. The same things ensued as on Sunday. Except for the smaller number of marchers, everything was the same-except for one thing - the alliances were facing a potential dangerous environment, and jail.

Security was heavier along the road this time. It was easily noticed. There was more stress on staying in twos and off the road, the Hiway Patrol was clinging a little closer than Sunday. Ironically, the sky grew darker as the marchers came closer to the AGNS Plant. The line from where I was appeared longer than yesterday's, the air heavier. I over estimated the numbers. As we walked I overheard a count of four-hundred. That seemed more accurate. Everyone was a little giddy.

The marchers held the line and got closer. You could see the cars and authorities from a half mile away and when we came over the small rise you could see that the entrance to AGNS was blocked. When we approached the site the SWAT, SLED and Plant Secruity met the marchers and warned that they were about to enter private property. If you decide to enter, they said, there might be the possibility of arrest.

The marchers crossed and occupied. It began to rain in turrents as the Affinity Groups went up the bank by the plant. Support groups

(Continued On Page 19)

Cheap Shots

(Continued From Page 3)

housing in the city? He talked about slum lords and people languishing in houses that were an insult to humanity.

What, exactly, was he talking about? The phrases sounded fine on his commercials, but were they anything more than just words?

Bolt relied on a Central Midlands Regional Planning Council survey done in 1977. The study found 8,500 substandard dwelling units in Columbia, of which 786 were downright delapidated. Another 1,600 were said to be in need of major repairs.

No one knows exactly how many people these figures actually represent, but estimating just two per household means that over 4,500 people in Columbia live in homes that are in pretty rotten condition. That's a lot of people, to say the least.

The Columbia Housing Authority has only 2,255 public housing units on hand. Not only is every one of them occupied right now, over 1,000 families are on a waiting list for the public homes.

That's why over 4,500 Columbians live in poor housing. The numbers alone tell the story. Far too few public units, a huge waiting list, and about 2,300 delapidated or decaying houses in the city. That's the flesh and blood behind Bolt's campaign talk.

That waste ain't no problem

Latest from the "Faith is a Wonderful Thing" department: speaking at Columbia College not long ago, gubernatorial candidate Bryan Dorn pooh-poohed the dangers of nuclear waste with calm faith in the progress of science.

Dorn said he wasn't worried about nuclear plants generating tons of highly radioactive waste, junk which would be deadly for thousands of years.

He said he was sure science would come up with an answer. Let's not worry about imaginary problems, he urged. Imaginary problems? With who-knows-how many tons of the stuff under South Carolina soil this moment, with no federal or state policy to handle the radioactive material, with constant exposures to low-level radiation - imaginary problems?

Science gave us nuclear waste. There is no assurance that it can solve the waste problem before we all are wasted. Dorn's cavalier attitude can best be described as asinine, not fit for a candidate for the state's highest public office.

Cancer is often curable.

The fear of cancer is often fatal.

American Cancer Society

The big guns shy away from Floyd

(Continued From Page 7)

He is considering it in 1980. Also, he says, he just doesn't think this is the year for a progressive reform candidate. There may be some apathy among the voters, Campbell believes. "If not an apathy, there is an unwillingness to change the status quo."

"I'm interested in it but I'm not running for it," Sanders says. "I have barely recovered from my last ego trip"--a race for lieutenant governor in 1974.

"I ran for lieutenant governor on the false premise that voters would resent the expenditure of large sums of money," he says. "That's not true. People demand it."

"It's like going to the moon. You have to have millions of dollars or billions of dollars or what ever NASA spent to put someone on the moon. Some astronauts are better than other astronauts but without the money, there's no program." Sanders says he doesn't have a talent for raising money.

If Bass and Hadley are discouraged by the opinions of other politicians, they are trying not to show it.

Bass says he expects to win the primary and the general elections. "There are just a lot of people who would like to see this district get some really good representation in Congress," he says.

Hadley admits the odds are probably 3 to 1 against him. "I don't think that should deter a viable candidate from making a sincere effort at it," he says. "I'm not playing the sacrificial lamb. I'm planning to win."

Both say they have been planning to enter the race for some time. Hadley says he waited to file because he hoped Sanders or Lexington County Solicitor Donald Myers might enter the race.

The accusations they make against Spence are basically the same ones every other Democrat makes. Bass says he has "one of the most negative voting records and ineffective performances of any member of Congress." Spence has voted against programs to help "the aged, the disabled, the consumer, the wage-earner and the environment," he says.

Spence's "ultra-conservative" voting record doesn't reflect the beliefs of many voters in the district, Hadley says. "I don't think Congressman Spence has demonstrated the leadership for the second Congressional district that should have been demonstrated," he says.

Bass is planning a "very, very low budget primary." He would prefer not to spend more than about $6,000. He thinks he can raise the $125,000 he needs for the general election but he isn't sure where he will get it.

Hadley thinks he can raise $50,000 now. By August, he hopes to show he has a good chance to win and if he does, he thinks the other $50,000 will become available. "Fund raising happens to be my forte," he says. He points out he was able to come up with $10,000 to run his House race in 1974.

The smart money in the Second District race is clearly on Spence. The talk is that both Democrats entered the race too late to build up the kind of support and campaign funds they need. Both candidates have a name-recognition problem. Hadley isn't widely known outside Lexington County. Most political people and journalists in the district know Bass, but there is some question about whether anyone else does.

Democrats can take some satisfaction in thinking that, at least technically, Spence isn't being given "a walk."

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Reviews

USC went out on a limb with "Carousel" and won

By John Marion
Theatre Editor

The University of South Carolina departments of Music and Theatre and Speech joined forces last week with the Columbia Lyric Opera to conclude a quite successful theatre season with a gala production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein favorite, **Carousel.** It proved a fine choice to close a season which had opened with Aristophanes' **The Birds** and Moliere's **The Imaginary Invalid,** for the musical is truly America's "classical" drama, a major contribution to western theatre that makes exuberant and frequently profound commentary on the culture from which it derives.

Like Aristophanes and Moliere, Rodgers and Hammerstein reflect accurately the temper of their times through a form which is unique to its age; the musical is as American as mannered, Neoclassical farce is French. The two modern writers, again like their classical predecessors, reveal the social concerns of the time; in this case it is the American Dream - a blending of the Puritan drive for success and respectability through hard work on the one hand with the Romantic insistance on love at first sight on the other. It is hard to imagine a more accurate setting for this contradictory dream than the New England of the 1870's and '80's, or a more fitting character to experience it than Billy Bigelow.

The genius of Rodgers and Hammerstein is that they never allow **Carousel** to become purely sentimental or maudlin, though such qualities are such firm parts of American life. Rather, they give us curiously innocent, but nonetheless real characters, as anyone knows who has ever gone to a Texaco station, worked on a construction lot, or for that matter, gone to a beauty shop. There are thousands of Billys-Big in dreams and very low in ability, tormented by drives that they don't understand-boy/men who can only strike in impotent frustration the soft things they cannot fathom.

On the other hand, there are the Jiggers - mean, nasty little men - who equally bewildered, burrow under somebody else's psychological skin to intensify the itch that can only by soothed by explosive, unthinking violence. Jigger Craigin, like Billy, is a definite type in the American way, one who is caught up in its dreams, myths and goals with criminality as a method for reaching them.

There are also the mill girls who love the boy/men, the Big and Lows, and who are attracted briefly by the Jiggers, mistaking brutality and cunning for strength. American mills, beauty shops, and secretarial pools are staffed with Julie Jordans. If she and Billy were alive today, they would probably live in a one story brick house in a development called something like "Melody Heights" where she would read **Shana** between typing jobs and weekly visits to the pen.

What Rodgers and Hammerstein capture in 1945 in **Carousel** is the rough and tumble, curiously innocent macho spirit of late nineteenth century America which carried over into the 1940's during the war. The USC production was completely faithful to the script; the masculinity, though often exaggerated, was dominant, and though perhaps offensive to some, was nonetheless an accurate depiction, at least in this reviewer's mind, of how American men understand, or *wish* to understand themselves.

Donald Gray captured Billy's essence and projected a natural virility and sensitivity, enhanced by his fine baritone in speaking as well as singing. Although given at a rather low energy level, Gray's work was smooth, consistent, and believable. It is unfortunate that he and Robert Bullock (Jigger) did not take more time with the card scene or do more to build toward Billy's suicide. Much of the power of Billy's death was lost because Gray rushed through the scene.

Annette Hook was a fine choice for Julie Jordan and like Gray, captured the essence of her character. Her voice, though strong and clearn enough to fill Drayton Hall, sacrificed none of Julie's softness to volume. Her physical lovliness made no one doubt Billy's desire for her. Hers was an honest and even performance that made Julie's love for Billy believable, and her helplessness in dealing with him poignant.

Robert Bullock frequently gave Jigger an exaggerated masculinity, even for that character, but he did it consistently and with a definite style that was for the most part effective. In playing broadly, Bullock sometimes passed over subtleties and topped his own laugh lines. He played with enormous energy, however, and his Jigger was one whose presence was definitely felt. But Bullock was at his best as a dancer, and his leap into a forward role from the shoulders of another dancer drew applause.

Susan Sweeney did fine, clean work as Nettie, and it was a delight to watch a true professional at her craft. Her Nettie was a very real presence in the community and it was quite obvious that she loved, and was loved by, the mill girls who stayed in her rooms. Her delivery of "You'll Never Walk Alone" to Julie was moving and played down the sentimental; the conviction with which she gave her advice made it acceptable.

Gerald Floyd played Enock Snow very broadly and lapsed on many occassions into plain silliness. Although he sang well and provided comedy, he remained more a caricature than a character. If Carrie was eventually able to over come Enock's habitual smell of fish, one wonders exactly how she was able to surmount relentless asininity.

Nancy Shane as Carrie Pipperidge gave her role exactly what it needed; she played a good best friend to Julie and was appropriately dazzled by Enoch. Her voice was an asset to the production.

Henry Russell as Starkeeper and Doctor Seldon did particularly fine work in two very small roles and succeeded in creating two old Maine codgers who one would have enjoyed seeing more of. Russell's work was intelligent and controlled and his Maine dialect highly successful.

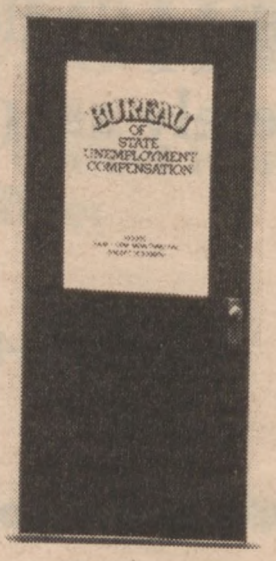
The overall atmosphere of the play was established beautifully by John Olbrych's colorful though often mechanically troublesome set. The colorful and vital environment provided an appropriate background for the jigs between the girls and the roustabouts. Hilda Schreiber's costumes were quite in harmony with the set and emphasized the basically rambunctious, festive mood of the play.

Unfortunately, much of the dancing was at serious odds with both script and set. Although the jigs and reels of the first act were fetching, the ballet and modern movements of the second were stylized to the point of absurdity. Although Leslie Smith as Billy's daughter, danced gracefully and was quite effective in presenting her character's dilemma, the impact was completely destroyed by the entrance of two dancers costumed to resemble Martians disguised as barber poles.

This reviewer later found out that they were intended as horses from the carousel, but their costumes, like their movements, were so abstract against the environment in which they were presented that their purpose was obscured.

All in all, the collaboration of the USC departments of Theatre and Speech, Music, and the Columbia Lyric Opera proved highly successful, and theatre goers should look forward to such programs in the future.

My doctor pronounced me cured of cancer. My boss didn't.



My boss didn't understand that I was healthy again.

So I was let go.

A lot of people are like my boss. They think that everyone dies of cancer. I thought so, too. Until the American Cancer Society, through one of its service and rehabilitation programs, helped me return to a normal life.

The ACS also has local Units that help Americans who've never had cancer understand it better.

Today, more and more, cancer is a curable disease. Ignorance about cancer is curable, too.

Mohammed's Records

A music consumer's guide

By Scott Padgett

WINGS - 'London Town' - (Capitol): (Since you're going to try it anyway) Dear John: - Please come back. Paul & Linda are lost without you even though they'll never admit it. Strom's campaigning now, so he won't write the Immigration Service anymore. He even says you and that woman can come see him and Nancy at "Awa Ha-yus own Sowth Wawkeemaw." And speaking of that woman, you can bring her too if you'll just go back to work. **B MINUS.**

CLOVER - 'Love On the Wire' - (Mercury): You'd think being Elvis Costello's band on his first album would mean these guys are a tight rock-and-roll crowd like the Rumour is without Graham Parker. All that being Elvis's first group seems to have meant, however, was an easy walk to a record contract. The music is pure, unemotional Pablo Player and if that's what they were underneath all along, then their 'Aims' were not very true at all. **C.**

HOT TUNA - 'Double Dose' - (Grunt): (Double Album) The founders of Hot Tuna (Jorma Kaukonen-guitar and Jack Casady-bass) were the men who gave the musical sound Jefferson Airplane exploded on stage and record with for their five most productive years (1966-1970) and probably by leaving are indirectly responsible for the Starship's style today. The two record set is a double live recording which has always been Tuna's most biting, spontaneous and therefore most productive environment. The band which used to open for Jefferson Airplane after the split is now clearly the group of choice when it comes to rock and roll afficionados, especially since the release of Starship Earth. Tuna has been hampered by Kaukonen's limited ability as a singer/composer commercially, but these guys still stand for something long forgotten in the music business and that's the fact rock and roll is supposed to be fun. That's why they left the Airplane and today even when they're between albums with nothing to plug, you still hear of 8 hour concerts in halls all over the country (Atlanta last summer, for instance). 'Double Dose' is quoted on the liner as 'an affliction brilliantly played by Hot Tuna' and it's sure as hell gratifying to know someone still thinks afflictions can be brilliant instead of something else to homogenize for the masses. **B PLUS.**

JETHRO TULL - 'Heavy Horses' (Chrysalis): Tull's Ian Anderson (who produced it also) has moved to the country and so the theme of their latest is what he evidently sees out the window of the farmhouse (horses, the gentry vs. journeymen, mice, even a weathervane are all focuses of cuts). After 10 years and 14 albums, Tull has turned to nature for themes such as on their previous 'Songs from the Wood'. The album style is akin to the 'Songs' disk, but this still isn't the accomplishment 'Benefit' was or seemingly a commercial effort along the lines of 'Aqualung'. **B MINUS.**

FRANKIE MILLER - 'Double Trouble' - 'Chrysalis): This is rock and roll. If Bob Seger or Rod Stewart, the way we used to know him is your idea of a good time, Frankie Miller's fifth album is a guaranteed unexpected pleasure. Miller, who started out with Robin Trower and the band that now is most of Graham Parker's Rumour, hard drives his way through ten tracks of fine mainstream rock with some R & B for good measure that even makes 'Stubborn Kind of Fellow' lose its Twilite Lounge personality. **B PLUS.**

THOR - (Midsong): This is the pituitary case who's a body builder and all that hype with he and his Dobermans on the cover. There's even an Arnold Shoothisbuggers type poster inside. As a package, it's the best example of art vomitus to ascend from some PR guy's bowels in a long while. **D MINUS.**

DELBERT McCLINTON - 'Second Wind' - (Capricorn): Somebody is finally giving southern R & B a good name again after all the good ole boys in their gross hats and boots took the fun as well as the reputation out of the style. McClinton played harp on the Beatles first single 'Love Me Do' in 1962 and has retired about five times since. This is his fourth effort since a comeback in '75 and his '2nd Wind' seems to hold true to what looked like overblown publicity from his recent star studded appearances at the Lone Star Cafe in New York. The music has a spontaneity you rarely see anymore from groups south of D.C. and therefore, rocks with a twang that doesn't come off red and banal. His harp playing highlights the band's sound along with the Muscle Shoals horn section. It's enough to make you forget the prostitution this genre has withstood the last couple of years and might even help make Phil Walden respectable again. **B PLUS.**

RICHIE FURAY - 'Dance A Little Light' - (Asylum): One of the questions that future anthropologists will ask about the 1970's is how the public withstood the constant onslaught of this El-Ay formula fluff from flannel shirted crooners, whose two goals in life are finding a woman and when you do all that's left is 'Dancin A Little Light'. The LP is indistinguishable from countless other Poco rejects that those Southern California boys do so well, but when the words rock and roll are mentioned on an album by someone like Furay, you feel embarassed for the guy. **C MINUS.**

BONNIE BRAMLETT - 'Memories' - (Capricorn): Bonnie Bramlett just keeps putting out fine records but never really gets the attention like 'Lady's Choice' warrant. 'Memories' will hopefully break the cycle because it's as good as any of Bonnie's earlier solo work and it's hard to top a past that includes being the only white Ikette the Turners ever had. Her 'heritage' with Clapton, Leon and Dave Mason, used to be too overdone since it was used to sell lesser quality recordings, but her lengthy experience shows through on reworkings of 'I've Just Seen a Face' and a really (Oh Lord) soulful rendering of Steve Winwood's 'Can't Find My Way Home'. The only times the production falters is when the arrangement gets mixed at the vocals' level and nudges away from the torch singer style the remainder of the album puts out. The final cut on 'Memories' is the only time it's noticable enough to make a difference, but the rest 'does it up real nice'. **B.**

CARLY SIMON - 'Boys In The Trees' - (Elektra): All of Simon's buddies from her recent past are back (Steve Gadd, the usual Sanborn & Breckers and Taylor, and even everybody's pal, John Hall) on this Giff Mardin production. Mardin's style sounds a lot like Ted Templeman, who had produced her before and brought his Doobie sound with him, but these songs themselves as well as the backing sound on 'Boys' is more held back than the Templeman LP, 'Another Passenger' and therefore more like earlier albums such as 'No Secrets'. "Devoted To You," with Simon and Taylor doing the vocal, is the only time the depths of 'Mockingbird' are reached, which is probably as worthy a comment as any to end with. **B MINUS.**

FM - (Double Album - Original Soundtrack) - (MCA): The soundtrack to the film about the commercial takeover of a once underground FM radio station is out three months ahead of the movie to hype tickets to the film but the record sure isn't as impressive as it was built up to be. The title song by Steely Dan is the only original effort (and a good one it is), while Ronstadt and Buffet are the only performers in the film itself; therefore, the other 15 songs are the same ones you bought for 79¢ at Taylor Street Pharmacy. Besides Steely Dan and Tom Petty, you have jsut about every commercial California band imaginable making up the bulk - Eagles, Doobies, Randy Meisner, Steve Miller, a transplanted foreigner, Boz, James Taylor, etc., all doing their Ronco-packaged hit for you. The album will probably do well since it saves a lot of indolent people from having to change albums (or 8 tracks since these owners are notorious for their 'boogie' tendencies) but for serious record buyers, you'll be able to see why the original producer had his name taken off of the finished product. **C PLUS.**

DIXIE DREGS - 'What If' - (Capricorn): If there is such a thing as jazz rock fusion, these guys have pushed the simple description to some limits by making it southern rock fusion. Ever since their recording 'Free Fall' was released last year, they've been somewhat a phenomenon since not very many cowboy types can stand songs over three minutes long, let alone without lyrics. The production on 'What If' is improved over 'Free Fall', but some of the polish is paid for by a case of inaccessability, but there's some good times here too if you need something to listen to while you're working on your pick up. **B MINUS.**

GENESIS - 'And Then There Were Three' - (Columbia): Every time someone else leaves Genesis for a solo career to play obscure English Folk Songs, people keep waiting on them to fall apart totally or at least fall on their faces on the next LP, but neither has happened including the new album 'And Then There Were Three' (title self explanatory from a personal point of view). Steve Hackett (guitarist) is missing since their last studio take (Wind & Wuthering) and hasn't been replaced but doesn't seem to be missed because 'And Then There Were Three' is superior to Hackett's last recorded appearance with them. So the past leaders in English rock renovation are still going quasi strong and have survived more than anyone can expect - from their almost predictable personnel changes to their popularity with Kevin Green. **B.**

STEVE HACKETT - 'Please Don't Touch' (Chrysalis): Ex-Genesis guitarist & Kansas vocal section & Richie Havens don't combine to make very much of a definitive sound. It actually comes across as a rhythm and blues Genesis with Kansas' vocals. Real creative, huh? **C PLUS.**

BOB WEIR - 'Heaven Help the Fool' - (Arista): Here's another reason for all you Dead Heads to turn in your "Party til you Puke" t-shirts. After the Dead's previously mentioned traitorous 'Terrapin Station', I really did think they could still come to their senses someday but Weir makes it look like that slick, laid back crap is **des rigeur** and not just a one-time attempt to make some bucks. **C.**

STRAWBS - 'Deadline' - (Arista): The Sandy Denny & Rick Wakeman stopover band has decided to make the big pitch to the American market since the U.K. doesn't claim them anymore. The record is listenable and the ELP, Rennaisance, UFO Wing of the Party will probably even call it a classic since those words are bandied around like standing ovations for Las Vegas comics on home box office. **B.**

Demos compliments of School Kid's Records

Meltdown at Township: A clockwork Browne

From a survivor of the Jackson Browne benefit

by Scott Padgett

"It had to be the worst crowd on the tour" — Jackson Browne on his 11 p.m. Columbia show.

But how did things come to such a pass, at a concert that was custom designed for laid-back ballad freaks? It started as early as 5 o'clock that afternoon when we heard "No, Mr. Duke, we don't have any tickets in that name." But, "Hey, Chief, they don't have my tickets." Then, "I can't understand what could have happened. Turnipseed's people said." ... "What Turnipseed, I don't know anything about ... who is this?" Oh, God, I'm alone. But there shouldn't be any worry. I can get in the sound check and meet the ole' boy himself, just like they said this morning.

Standing round the backstage being cool as one of those roots the hips have laid out for the pre-show snack, wearing my best L.L. Bean 100 percent Egyptian cotton flannel shirt (Jackson's brand.) I spot my contact, an activist turned waiter who shows me to the floor of the auditorium, when "Hey, you...you get the hell out of here without a pass!"

It was one of Columbia's finest, looking like he was fresh from the Demotion Board hearings, sporting two blank spaces on his sleeve where once a couple of golden stripes showed proudly. I, of course, protested, as I drove off in search of psychic nourishment for my deflated ego. The only thing worse would have been to get home... and there's little Jimmy Bakker radiating dollar signs from every crown (teeth, not head) but instead, I got a call from Nietzche with two tickets for the second show. We've waited so late now that there's barely time to pick up the tickets and get to Township by post time.

Only 10:50 and the cars parked so it's a straight shot to my RESERVED seat. There's still time for a quick one in the lobby, but noo...the sound check wasn't over till after 7:30 so the first show's just coming out. There must be 2,000 people standing in 500 lines in front of the auditorium, and at least three-quarters look like they're here because they **eat** plutonium, not because they want to ban it. I just wish I'd gotten a piece of the red bandana market before this show. Anyway, there's one good sign - someone is hurling Patty Smith epithets at the top of his voice from about six inches away, his breath reeking of Ripple and Uranium 238.

Then the Township's third-world types open three doors and three turnstyles to let this accident-waiting-to-happen into the building. As we forcibly enter the turnstyle together, one of my companions breaks into a chorus of "Born to Run," and of course, we're taken aside where the camera bag is searched. We give divine thanks for having been broke all week and move on to where 600 people have met 80 kegs with four spouts, and have wrestled to a stalemate covering the length and breadth of the lobby. The push through this throng is nothing short of rebirth. Finally, there it is - section A, row D, seat 3 - and it might as well have been Xanadu. Having listened to "the 11 p.m. show'll be better 'cause there's no curfew, and James and Carly'll be there" all week, I was beginning to think the night might not be a disaster after all.

The stage looks real nice with all the plants, rugs and a stupendous paper mache palmetto tree. But what is that smell? Could everyone who thought it smart to come to the 11 p.m. show have conceived of the cesspool the first show would leave behind? However, there's more here than beer and spent smokes -

(Continued On Page 15)

Book Reviews

by Ann Buntz

The Amityville Horror,
by Jay Anson
Prentice Hall, Inc.—7.95 Hardback

I've read all the horror books I could get my hands on from the EXORCIST to the most recent. I've read stories so bad I fell asleep in the climax and I've read some so good I had to put them down and walk around abit before I could finish them, but *never* have I read anyting as frightening as **AMITYVILLE HORROR.**

The others has the reassuring fact that they were only stories to make them easy to take. Nothing like that could really happen, so the reader is safe.

There is no such reassurance in this story. This is true. These people are real. The book recounts the events leading up to the January 1976 flight from a house in Amityville Long Island. The Lutz family buys their dream house in December 1975 and on the 18th they move in. children by a previous marriage, and a dog.

From the beginning things happen. The book makes an attmept in the afterward to explain what happened but I really don't think anyone knows what really did. The degree of strange things grows day to day as does their sheer numbers until they overwhelm the family. Then the real terror begins. *It* doesn't want them to leave.

The book is in day to day form, putting each event in chronological perspective, and it is a frightening perspective. Most of the events I've read about in other horror books; the personality changes, the unexplained noises, the unnatural cold. A priest called to bless the house hears a disembodied voice order him out, then suffers a pyramiding series of attacks on his person, everything from the flue to stigmata.

Unlike fiction, in reality the church turns away from the conflict. Psychic investigators are kept away by a series of "coincidinces". The family is alone against the Evil that entraps them.

The book follows such a set pattern you find yourself thinking "It's just another horror story." Then, with a cold, sick feeling, you remember its a true story! TRUE! Don't read this book at night because, unlike the movies, you cannot repeat, "this is only a story."

Splinter of the Mind's Eye-
by Alan Dean Foster
$1.95 by Ballatine Books

This is probably going to be one heck of a film. There is definitely enough action to satisfy the most energetic viewer. Unfortunately, that same action detracts painfully from the substance of the book. It reads like a movie script, which is alright if you've seen the movie — which isn't out yet.

Alan Dean Foster is justly famous for his written recreations of visual stories: (he writes the Star Log series from the cartoon STAR TREK). I'm sure this is a faithful recreation of the movie and it is one heck of an adventure. It just reads like Perils of Pauline.

I loved **Star Wars**. I think it is one of the greatest science fiction films ever made. I read the book after I saw the film and it was really fun because I could relive each scene. I'm sure this book will be the same after I see the movie. Until then, though, it's rather superficial.

It has a few of the **Star War** characters. Lord Vador doesn't appear until near the end, and even then he somehow looses his impact, his power to strike fear, when in written form.

Princess Leila is her usualy self-centered self, talking back when disguised as a peasant and nearly getting them all killed with a stunt she pulls to salve her ego. Luke, as far as I can tell, retains his charater. Its hard to be sure because he seems to spend all his time fighting.

It is in three new characters that the author shines. Halla is an old hag who needs our hero's help to obtain the Kalibur Stone with shich she plans to be eternally happy, she's not quite sure how.

There are also two beings called YUZZEM. Like the wookie in size and temperment, they are not really as human in appearance. They all bumble and stumble and fight their way toward the legendary stone. It has the ability to magnify and increase The Force in whoever gets to it first and therefore is vital to the rebellion and a boon to the empire if Vador gets it first.

Is the stone real? Will the princess grow up? Will Luke get the princess? Will Vador get the stone? Stay tuned for the next stirring installment.

Oliver's Story
by Erich Segal
$1.95 by Avon

I was leary of reading **Oliver's Story** because I hated **Love Story.** It was banal and hoakie. I felt the author was somehow having a joke at the reader's expense. I also believed dirty words did not make up for lack of insight.

I approached **Oliver's Story** with much caution. I was wrong. Surprising enough, I loved **Oliver's Story** for the very reasons I hated **Love Story**. The people were real, dealing with real situations. The insights are from a new angle and the solutions reached are different. It is not some mindless mush but an intimate story of a man trying desparately to survive after half of him has died. The part of him that was Jenny is gone and he will never touch or be touched by it again.

In the beginning of the novel he is expending a lot of energy ignoring the fact he has a problem. he looks away when couples walk together, and avoids any situations where he might be paired with a woman — any woman.

Then, after two long yeafs he begins to come alive. He runs, he works, and, miracle of all, he loves.

Gradually through the book, in bits and pieces, he grows. Like all really good characters in fiction, he grows. Oliver begins the story numb. The pain so great, the loss wo overwhelming, that he fled from life altogether. he works among other, but alone. He runs in Central Park alone. He lives alone in a new apartment, efficient and cold.

Into this efficient and cold life come two women, who irrevocably change him. It is this change and growth that make up the story. And a very good story it is.

Meltdown at Township: A clockwork Browne

From a survivor of the Jackson Browne benefit

(Continued From Page 14)

there's a ten foot square tract on the floor in front of us where some zombie fool, swept away by the show, has puked. I can almost hear the quiet strains of "Late for the Sky" from the stage and this poor predator's death cry from the crowd, while all around sit rapturous and unseeing.

The suspense is thick as we await the lucky owners of these $7.50 jewels. His arrival was swife - from around the front row and in for a quick skid - oh yes, Emmylou, he had on flip flops.

After the usual crowd-scouting, the house lights come down to summon a fuzzy man who calls for some girl to meet her aunt in the lobby. Then he goes on to introduce the spokesman for No Nukes is Good Nukes (excuse me.) The even fuzzier spokesman said a few words about energy which were quickly followed by "Let's hear it in church Sunday" from six wearing La Costa sweaters, khakies, with "Wofford" written all over them standing next to the balcony wall. A moment of silence, called for the cause, was like daring a drunk to fight, and the air was filled with the immortal cries of "Boogie," and "Rock n' Roll."

Seconds later, out pops John Sebastian with his set of six matching guitar straps and those white pants you'd better not wear patterned shorts under. Sebastian did the same show he did with Steve Martin, and dropped the same names - Woodstock, Arnold Horshack and his trip with Jackson to save Japan's whales. Midway into his set the audience was calling for his head. Mr. Spoonful had to resort to a couple of "Shut the hell ups," to end his segment, and was unmercifully called back for the same encore he'd done with Martin.

Now came what every mob on the verge of open hostility needs - an intermission. A chance to get stoked up on beer for the final set. People were coming back with trays, with buckets of the stuff, in hopes of fueling what passion remained at one in the morning, and it's a good bet that the three-quarters we mentioned before had been going for nigh on six hours at this same rate.

At 1:10, the lights went down again and out strode our Prince and his handyman. "How you'all doing?" was all you could make out from the p.a. until the masses died down enough to hear a strong version of "Take it Easy."

This Lindley guy can really bear down. Slide, pedal, lead steel guitars and a fiddle to boot. The next high point comes when the "Alliance for Worthless Light Readings" stops photographers 30 feet from the stage on either side - and no pictures, please, from the aisles. For the rich boys with their big ten-inch necrophelizaoomers, that's fine, but not right, not right at all for us weekenders.

Jackson moves to the piano for a mob pleaser in "Fountain of Sorrow," as a blonde streak rushes for the stage. The Plutons move quickly to smash this intruder but she moves even faster, in what must have been a pre-planned route to deposit a poster at our balladeer's feet. The security toughens up for a suspected domino effect stemming from the successful solo invasion. Browne moves back to the guitar for "Everyman." When he's done, he goes for some Jack Daniels, and you'd think it was the first time these folks had seen a mini-bottle as they roar approval. Lindley is taking too long to tune and the entire crowd is screaming song titles. Hell, this is a benefit and you owe us one! "Linda Paloma" zips by and as "Cocaine" begins, the cries of We love you and Turn around reach their highest peak yet. In the time it takes for him to get to the piano again the Wofford jocks are livid, screaming at the stage. They've been bitching for an hour that they're only there because their dates wanted to go, each cradling four beers and howling "I Am A Child" because it's the only tune they know. Now they're crying for "Werewolves in London" and Browne acknowledges by saying, Warren Zevon.

"Dr. My Eye" gets the horde on its feet for the first time, as Jackson sings he's done all that he could to see the evil and the good just by looking out about six rows. He and Lindley go into a perfect version of "These Days" to slow the mood - a good move.

The fifties rejects next to me had already picked out their cheer when David picks out the sliding whine of the ballad. Now, my God, Jackson's leaving the stage to let Lindley fiddle unprotected. Alone with these maniacs - but Dave has the answer - pain. The soundman set the violin amp at about 40 decibels above deafening and we're all pushed down, paralyzed in our is flung he wishes everyone bad dreams tonight and Browne returns for a "sixties English anti-nuclear folk song."

These derelicts have actually banded together to scream "You ass, you," and Browne looks their way and grins an "Oh, yeah?" You would have thought a quarantine was called around them, separating them from the faithful to whom such thoughts are blasphemy.

Ten minutes later, as he sits contemplating his next tune, the din begins to wear down even a laid-back California type and Browne lets fly with a gentle "Shut the————up." There's applause for what some wanted to say all night and a snicker from Lindley, but little is understood through the barroom atmosphere that's thick enough to peel.

"Rock me on the Water" is a welcome relief with it's half tempo mood slowing things down, then "Before the Deluge" dedicated to the world's atomic madmen drives home the only same point made since 11 p.m.

Thirty-five minutes of ballads and consumption has our Wofford boys worked up into a frenzy, yelling with sarcasm "We love you terribly, Jackson," and "Make us stare." Instead, they get to stand, as the two boys on stage crank out "Running on Empty."

Two guys pass dead away over the seats in front of us and are mercifully allowed to sing in the breeze. Now its time for "My Way" and "The Load," with its "amps, ramps and champs," and crowd-milking lyrics. The mention of "Richard Pryor and the video" gets the first unexpected hand of the night, but Paul Dietzel might have been able to muster applause by now is he'd shown up in Baptist regalia spewing at these jelly heads.

Just then the security blues and the entire second balcony plants itself in front of the stage and up the aisle for the duet on "Stay." That done, our minstrels retire to stageside but the only doubt left about an encore is what will fly in this atmosphere of protest. John Sebastian rejoins for "Will the Circle be Unbroken," a rallying cry for any cause, and as good as any for this one.

Two third - worlders arrive with mops to clean the mess in front of us, the lights come on for the last time and packs of drug and beer crazed youths are released on an unsuspecting and deserving city.

Minus my car's radio antenna, we go to the Carolina Inn where, at 5 a.m., a haggard Jackson Browne is still wondering out loud how and where he acquired this kind of following. Then he slips into "sleep's dark and silent gate."

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A day of protest

A weekend of concern

(Continued From Page 9)

began to bring tarps, food, all sorts of rain gear. The Affinity Groups began to meet to decide on the next action to follow the occupation. It was decided to build an Anti-Nuclear City, establish an environment. There was singing, spirits were higher than yesterday. Three hours passed and the city was being established. The rain was begining to let up. Then the announcement came that thirty minutes would be given to the marchers to leave the property without penalty of arrest. Soon after, the security line was drawn and no one could enter or leave except for the press and media and last minute support. The authorities were by the gate down the hill, the media was in the middle trying to find the best vantage point, the marchers weren't going to leave.

SLED pulled inside the AGNS gate and began to set up a booth. A few moments passed and the representitive from the authorities pronounced us under arrest for trespassing. The alliances responded with songs and slogans, Bursey delivers marcher's statement to the press and to the authorities: no one is going any where if our demands to shut this plant down have not been met. He had the complete support of three-hundred people. Everyone was willing to go to jail.

Shortly after that the arrests began. Each person charged was given till the last moment to change their minds. No one does. At this time there were many agents all over the area, inside AGNS's fence and along the road outside. The authorities set up a meeting line and began to come toward the group. They announced their intentions and the groups announced their's. Shortly after, the arrests began.

The proceedings from this point went smoothly. There was full co-operation on both sides. Everything went as it was expected to. The Groups took down the tents showing their compliance, the officers were doing exactly as they said they would, the cameras were rolling, SLED was photographing everyone, the network was right there listening to Lt. Brooks explaining the charges and the marchers were being led away individually without incident. The only question that remained was bond, who would pay and who would choose bond solidarity.

Three-hundred people were brought to the Barnwell jail, fingerprinted, photographed again, and then led to a detention area. Some were in the jailhouse proper, other were kept in buses and vans. People were going in from the first bus, the one I was on, and not coming out. When everyone was inside from the first bus they numbered sixty in a room that was about ten by twenty feet. Everyone was singing, clapping hands and chanting, smiles were everywhere, the feeling of successfully making the statement intended was recognized by all.

After a time, supper call was given and the demonstrators were led outside and fed: fruit cocktail, yellow corn, beans-n-franks, white bread, and cherry punch. It was great. Everyone smiled to themselves throughout their meals and sang again afterwards, and following that back to cells and to meet the magistrate for the hearings. Bond was $15.

I sat on the floor next to Richard McSoreley, Prof. of Theology at Georgetown University, a best friend of Dan and Phil Berrigan. He played his guitar throughout the entire weekend until they took it away from. They weren't mean or rough about it, but said you couldn't have on in the jailhouse today, maybe some other time. And, appropriately, the last song sung, right after Newman's Welcome to the Charleston Bay, was Jail House Rock. When I left some had been released and the ones who weren't going to pay bond were taken somewhere else for further processing.

Numerous others weren't mentioned herein. To them I apologize. They were scientists, theologians, anti-nuclear activisits, secretaries, parents, journalists, nurses, musicians, construction workers, cooks, geologists, organizers, people who came from all over the country to represent their organizations.

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Fiction

The world's longest bus ride

by Fred S. Davis

When I was littler than I am now, around six I guess, my brother and I were movie freaks. We liked any kind of movie, but especially horrors and westerns with the Zorro shorts before the feature. We liked science fiction and comedies, especially the Jerry Lewis ones, and full length cartoons, too. I am getting off the track. I do that a lot, my mother says. I try not too, I really do, but somehow or another I always manage to start talking about something other than what I started talking about, if you follow me.

Anyway, back to me and Hank and the bus ride. Hank's my older brother by about three years. You would think it's a century, the way he holds it over me. He is cool and I am stupid is about what it boils down to. Hank is not such a bad guy, but even back then he was getting interested in girls and I was and am worried about it. I have never seen any good come of such stuff. It *ruined* my older brother, Clyde. Both of them, of course, say I am stupid and will grow into that sort of thing, too. If so, I will be a lot of stupider than I am now.

We spent that whole Saturday morning doing chores to earn our fifty-cent pieces. We each got one. It took twelve and a half cents each to ride the bus, twenty-five cents each to get into the movie, and then we had twelve and a half cents each to spend on candy. Actually Hank always got thirteen and left me twelve. I always bought two of those great big suckers that last forever. One cherry and one grape. Hank always bought the same, except that he also got a licorice stick. He bought that with the extra penny because he knows I did and do hate licorice: it tastes like old sneakers. I don't even like to smell the stuff, but Hank always went out of his way to see that I did.

I emptied the trash from all over the house that morning, including the kitchen and bathroom, which I hated worst. I washed every mirror in the house, which was a bunch. My mother has a thing for mirrors. I swept the living room and dining room and polished the dining room table and pulled grass out of the cracks in the front walk. Hank mowed the lawn, pulled ivy off the house, washed six sets of Venetian blinds and put them back up and cleaned up the pantry. The point I'm trying to make is that my parents weren't about to give away their money, if you follow me. They always said they were trying to teach us the value of a dollar, but I never got but fifty cents, which I mentioned before.

At twelve fifteen we walked to the bus stop. Hank was so excited that I was afraid he was going to wet his pants which would kill the movies for the day. He does that sometimes if you make him laugh real long and hard. He hates, but it cracks me up. My mother, you see, had never let us go alone before. She always went with us, right into the movie house and everything. I don't think she really liked our kind of movies too much, but she always said she did and smiled a lot. I have noticed that type of behavior in other mothers as well. Except Disney; now she did like Disney, I could tell. Anyway, Hank was ordering me around before we even reached the bus stop, and it is only a block away. He was boss and I was dummy and that was that. I started to get mad, but thought better of it and let him have his way. This was a *real* monster movie we were going to see, not one of the Japanese kind. Something worth a sacrifice. Hank was stronger than I was too. Not much, mind you, but a little.

Mary Louise Simmons, a girl Hank had his eye on, came by while we were waiting. She is a stupid girl with long, skinny legs and red hair and freckles. That girl looks like a follow-the-dots picture, she has so many freckles. What on earth Hank saw in her, I don't know, but he definitely saw something, or thought he did. Old Hank wasted no time in letting her know that we were going downtown by ourselves and that he was in charge. She was visibly impressed, but didn't let on. Girls rarely do. Especially redheads. Thank God the bus came by just then. I would've gotten sick, I know it.

Hank bought two tokens and popped them in the box real casual like as if he'd been doing this sort of thing all along. He was cool at that, I admit it. We took separate seats across the aisle from each other. Mostly the bus was full of maids, who are always neat. They always talk and laugh and smoke together. There was a yardman on too, and he was in heaven. Everybody thought he was the funniest thing alive. I didn't think he was all *that* funny, but I didn't say so to anybody. He was a very big man with a cut off tee shirt showing very big muscles and he was carrying a hatchet. For firewood, I hoped.

Buses have the most peculiar routes. I tell you they don't make any sense. None. I had never really noticed before, see. My mother was always with us and kept track of things while Hank and I messed with baseball cards or chewed gum or something. Wouldn't you know it? First time she isn't with us to keep things together, the bus driver loses his mind. I tell you he went crazy. He wound around and around our neighborhood for a while, and then another and then another. I reckoned him for lost, but Hank said give him a chance, he'd figure out where he was soon enough. I said okay, but I didn't feel it.

The driver must've done something right, because just when I was about to give up on him, I saw the big buildings. It was a great relief. For about a second, that's how long. Just as they came into view, Hank leans over and whispers that I should come over to his side so I could help him figure out which stop we got off at. I had never figured on doing that. I didn't know which one, I thought *Hank* did; shoot, he was oldest. *Hank* thought *I* knew, the nut.

Oh Lord, we began to sweat as the bus climbed the Gervais street hill that leads to the big buildings. They got closer and closer and then we were among them. The driver stopped at every corner. Hank and I looked out at every corner. Shoot, we might as well of been in New York or Greenville or somewhere. Oh, we recognized the buildings all right, but we didn't know where *they* were in relation to our stop or whatever. About as much help as water on a grease fire, they were. We just got more and more confused and upset until Hank was on the verge of tears. Hank wasn't being so bossy anymore, either.

By now, everybody except me and Hank had gotten off. Hank said I should ask the bus driver for help. I told him that if it was such a great idea, that he ought to do it. After all, he was in charge, not me. I was dummy and he was boss. He got hot at that and we argued until I looked out the window and noticed that we weren't among the big buildings anymore. We turned in terror and there through the rear window we could see them getting smaller and smaller. We had blown the entire operation. I started to cry and Hank said shut up and I punched him in the nose and it started to bleed and Hank started to cry and the bus driver hollered back for us to calm down or he'd put us out at the next corner. We dried up in a hurry.

The only bus ride I've ever taken that was longer than the one going downtown was the one coming back. We got scared, I mean to tell you. Hank had no more idea where we were going than Moses did in the desert. Finally I went up and told the bus driver what the heck was going on and he started laughing, which I didn't appreciate too much. He said he knew where we'd gotten on and he'd let us out at the same spot. After about a year, he did.

We got off with glad hearts and Hank still holding his nose. That's the only time I ever punched him that he didn't cream me back and I don't intend on pressing my luck. He was just glad to be off. For about a minute. Then Hank wanted back on that bus even if it was going to Egypt or Africa. He flat didn't care, so long as he could be anywhere but where he was. Mary Louise Simmons, you see, was playing in her front yard and spotted us. I couldn't've cared less, but Hank, he couldn't've cared more. We hadn't had time to see a movie and she knew it. She was stupid, but not *that* stupid.

"What happened?" she asked. You could see she was primed for an open assault. But Hank, Lord that boy's fast, he didn't miss a beat.

"We had a fight," he answered.

"Who had a fight?" asks Mary Louise Simmons.

"Me and the bus driver," say Hank. "I beat him up and he threw us off. It was awful, Mary Louise. Lookee here, my nose's still bleedin'. It was somethin'. You ought've seen him, though."

"I don't believe you for a minute, Hank Liar," says she.

"It's true," says I. "It really is. He really did it. I saw the whole thing. Man got smart, Hank beat him up, man threw us off. We walked all the way from downtown 'till we got a ride with a one eyed man." Naturally Mary Louise Simmons couldn't see me taking up for Hank, so she believed us and let it slide. She was visibly impressed, but didn't let on.

Hank, meanwhile, was sighing with relief like a milk cow. I did okay, too. Got Hank's thirty - seven and a half cents soon as we were out of that redheaded nut's sight.

Don't miss these regular features in OSCEOLA

THE CULTURE JUNKIE

Wry analysis of contemporary cultural trends

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PUBLIC POLICY

A monthly look at public policy in South Carolina

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Funky cuisine and where to get it by OSCEOLA'S roving gourmet

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A consumer's guide to buying records

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*See our rate chart on page 21

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Classified Ads

Autos

1965 Mercedes Benz 190C. Black. 4 door. Automatic. Pristine 254-9308. $1700.
4/20

For Sale 1969 Porsche 912 coupe. Excellent condition, completely restored. 779-9478.

12' Daysailer and trailer complete with main, jib, and other extras. $900. H-782-3157 O-758-3610. 4/29

FOR SALE: Collect car. 1960, 356B Cabriolet Porsche. White-black top. Call before 9 a.m. and evenings. 777-4713.

FOR SALE--1974 Subaru stationwagon, 29,000 miles, AM-FM radio, air-conditioned, front wheel drive. Asking $2,200 but price is negotiable. 787-8169.

1968 VW: Rebuilt engine, $400.00 254-8804 after 5:30.

1973 Ford LTD 4-door, AC, PS, PB, new tires, excellent condition, 63,000 miles. $1,100. Call 781-2501.
3/17

77 SUZUKI 750. 4 Stroke 4. Only 800 miles. Showroom condition. Cycle magazine rates best roadbike of 77. Must sell. 256-0391.

1975 BUICK Riviera Landace. Loaded and in good condition. Will deal or trade. Randy Campbell 1-884-5141 or 1-886-8461 or Cola. 256-8389 and leave phone number.

FOR SALE--Honda 450, 1970 Model $400.00 779-2549 For free 7 ft. x 16ft. wooden truck bed. Needs repair or modification. 779-2549.

1974 Chevrolet Impala Station Wagon 3-seat, equipped, truly excellent condition. Priced extremely reasonable at $1950. Call 799-0247. 3/17

Real Estate

ALASKA OIL and gas leases for sale — ADL 60134 — 1920 acres, ADL 60135 — 1600 acres, ADL 60136 — 1920 acres. $6 per acre. 799-7405.
pd. 4/6

AM BUILDING and must sell 4 yr. old 3 BR 2 bath home in Berkley Forest. Assume 325.00 PITI with no decent offer for equity refused. By Appt. 776-1198. 4/13

HOMES for Sale: Harbison-rustic, 3 BR, 2 B, unique den, wooded lot, patios, deck. Harbison extras: tennis, lake, security. $51,000. Call 781-2501.
3/17

GOOD INVESTMENT for sale. Duplex, garage and efficiency apartments. Completely furnished, including all appliances and air condition units. Adjoins Columbia College campus. 100% occupancy. $52,500. Financing available. Call owner: 786-0882.
4/14

HOME FOR sale by owner--seven and a half rooms, two baths. Beautiful old brick. Energy saving features. Mountainbrook. 776-4964.
2/24

FOR RENT Lawyers, Accountants, Real Estate Firms, Manufact. Reps., etc. 10 small offices newly refurbished. $65-$75. Includes utilities. Ready now. Great area off Forest Drive. Phone 787-7503 or 254-6991. 3/31

NEW DEVELOPMENT - bordering on Waccamaw River five miles from North Myrtle Beach. All lots 7/10 acre or more. Financing. $5,000 and up. Hussey Realty Company. 249-1475. 4/14

COLUMBIA HOMEOWNERS: I would like to beautify your property. All types of residential landscaping - terracing, mulching, planting & transplanting, trimming, edging. Very reasonable - 787-1308 ask for James.

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HOUSEHOLD Furnishings to settle estate. Chairs, tables, rugs, cookware, dishes, lamps, pictures. May 6, 1 til 4, 1127 Daly St.

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3/24

Miscellaneous

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6/1

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3/17

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4/20

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COLA. S.C. 29250

NO. OF WORDS _____

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PAYMENT SENT $_____

PAYMENT MUST BE SENT WITH AD, NO EXCEPTIONS

Sample Word Count

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Wanted	S.C.		Tobacco	Leafs	J.J.		Doe	100	Main	St.

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MINIMUM $1.75 ON ANY AD

Number of Issues	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
Up to 20 words	1.75	3.05	4.43	5.62	6.93	8.21
21 - 25 words	2.20	3.82	5.54	7.02	8.69	10.26
26 - 30 words	2.64	4.59	6.65	8.42	10.40	12.37
31 - 35 words	3.07	5.35	7.72	9.82	12.11	14.36
36 - 40 words	3.51	6.10	8.86	11.23	13.86	16.42
41 - 45 words	3.95	6.88	9.96	12.64	15.62	18.47
46 - 50 words	4.39	7.65	11.07	14.04	17.82	20.57
51 - 55 words	4.82	8.59	12.15	15.44	19 04	22.57
56 - 60 words	5.27	9.16	13.26	16.85	20.79	24.62
61 - 65 words	5.71	9.94	14.39	18.25	22.55	26.73
66 - 70 words	6.15	10.69	15.50	19.66	24.30	28.78
71 - 75 words	6.58	11.45	16.58	21.06	25.97	

Legal Notices

ORDER OF PUBLICATION
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE COURT OF COMMON
IN THE COURT OF
COMMON PLEAS

Eugene A. Laduzenski,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
Burk Properties, Inc., and
William J. Burk,
Defendants

HAVING READ and filed the Petition of Walter W. Brooks, attorney for the Plaintiff herein, and it appearing that this is an action for damages resulting from breach of contract and further, that the Defendant, William J. Burk, cannot, after due diligence, be located in said County and State.

IT IS ORDERED that service in this matter be made on the Defendant, by publishing copies of the Summons and this Order, in a paper of general circulation in Richland County, South Carolina, once weekly for three (3) consecutive weeks and by forwarding a copy of the pleadings to the Defendant, William J. Burk, at his last known address.

Clerk of Court of Commom Pleas
Richland County, South Carolina

Columbia, South Carolina
March 22, 1978.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE COURT OF
COMMON PLEAS

Eugene A. Laduzenski,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
Burk Properties, Inc., and
William J. Burk,
Defendants

HAVING READ and filed the Petition of Walter W. Brooks, attorney for the Plaintiff herein, and it appearing that this is an action for damages resulting from breach of contract and further that no officer or agent of the Defendant Burk Properties, Inc., can, after due diligence be located in said County and State.

IT IS ORDERED that service in this matter be made on the Defendant, by publishing copies of the Summons, and this Order, in a paper of general circulation in Richland County, South Carolina, once weekly for three (3) consecutive weeks and by forwarding a copy of the pleadings to the Defendant, Burk Properties, Inc., at his last known address.

Clerk of Court of Common Pleas
Richland County, South Carolina

Columbia, South Carolina
March 21, 1978.

Notice: the original was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court on 22 March, 1978. 5/4

Summons
State of South Carolina,
County of Richland

By Walter W. Brooks, Esq.
To Burk Properties, Inc., and
William J. Burk.

Complaint having been made unto me by the Plaintiff, Eugene A. Laduzenski that your are indebted to him in the sum of Nine Thousand and No/100 Dollars on account of past due debts.

This is, therefore, to require you to appear before me, in my office, in Richland County on the 20th day from the service of this Summons, exclusive of the day of service, to answer to the said complaint, or judgment will be given against you by default.

Walter W. Brooks
Plaintiff's Attorney. 5/4

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

COUNTY OF RICHLAND.
JEANETTE T. GRAY,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
JAMES GRAY,
Defendant.
IN THE FAMILY COURT
78 DR 100655
SUMMONS

TO THE DEFENDANT ABOVE-NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the complaint in this action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the plaintiff or her attorney, Lincoln C. Jenkins, Jr., at his office, 924 Hampton Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 7th day of March, 1978.

LINCOLN C. JENKINS, JR.
Attorney for Plaintiff.

PETITION
State of South Carolina
County of Richland
IN THE RICHLAND COUNTY
FAMILY COURT

Geraldine Greene Bedenbaugh,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Charles Bedenbaugh,
Respondent.

The above entitled action has been commenced in this court, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce between the parties hereto; that upon information and belief, diligent search has been made to locate the Respondent, Charles Bedenbaugh, but he cannot be located within this State and his whereabouts are unknown to the Petitioner and her attorney.

WHEREFORE, it is respectfully prayed that an Order of Publication be issued herein.

JOHNSON, TOAL & BATTISTE, P.A.
BY: I.S. Leevy Johnson
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
February 14, 1978.

SUMMONS
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

Debra Clifton Moss,
Petitioner,
-vs-
James R. Moss,
Respondent.

TO: THE DEFENDANT ABOVE NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Complaint in the above entitled action, a copy of which is hereby served upon you, and to serve your answer to the said Complaint upon the subscribers at their offices, 1338 Pickens Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service hereof; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said Complaint.

Kneece, Kneece, & Freeman
Attorneys for the Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
6th day of April, 1978
John R. T. Major
Clerk of Court

5/4

NOTICE
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

Debra Clifton Moss,
Petitioner,
-vs-
James R. Moss,
Respondent.

TO: THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED: JAMES R. MOSS:

TAKE NOTICE that the Summons in the above entitled action of which the foregoing is a copy, together with the Petition herein was filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County on the 11th day of April, 1978, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii.

Robert Ashley
Kneece, Kneece, Freeman& Willoughby
BY: Robert C. Ashley
Attorney for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
11th day of April, 1978.

5/4 TB

ORDER OF PUBLICATION
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

Debra Clifton Moss,
Petitioner,
-vs-
James R. Moss,
Respondent.

It appearing to my satisfaction from the attached Affidavit for Order of Publication by Robert C. Ashley, Attorney for the Petitioner, by reference made a part of this Order, and from the attached, verified Petition on file in the Office of the Clerk of the Family Court for the fifth Judicial Circuit, and that the above entitled action has been commenced and is now pending in this Court; that the subject matter of this action is for a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, on the statutory ground of constructive desertion.

It is unknown whether the Respondent, James R. Moss, is now a resident of the State of North Carolina, but his last known address was 2804 Amherst Avenue, Burlington, North Carolina, and that the aforesaid Respondent cannot, after due deligence, be found within the State of South Carolina, and that this Court has jurisdiction of this action. NOW THEREFORE, it is:

ORDERED that the service of the Summons in this action be made by publication thereof in "The Osceola", a newspaper published weekly in the City of Columbia, South Carolina, which said paper is designated as being most likely to give notice to the Respondent, once a week, for three weeks, and that after the first publication date of said Summons, the Petitioner shall deposit in the United States Post Office, Columbia, South Carolina, a copy of the Summons, Petition and Notice in this action duly enclosed in an envelope, postage pre-paid, addressed to James R. Moss, the Respondent herein: the address on said envelope shall be his last known address, 2804 Amherst Avenue, Burlington, North Carolina.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that at the option of the Petitioner herein, a copy of the Summons, Petition, and Notice may be delivered to the Respondent personally, without the State of South Carolina, which delivery shall be equivalent to publication in the newspaper and deposited in the Post Office as aforesaid.

John R. T. Major
Clerk Family Court of the
Fifth Judicial Court
Columbia, South Carolina
11th day of April, 1978.

5/4 TB

AFFIDAVIT FOR ORDER OF PUBLICATION
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

Debra Clifton Moss,
Petitioner.:
Petitioner,
-vs-
James R. Moss,
Respondent.

PERSONALLY appeared before me, Robert C. Ashley, who being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the attorney for the Petitioner in the above entitled action and that the Respondent, James R. Moss, upon whom the service of Summons, Petition, and Notice is to be made, cannot, after due deligence, be found within the State of South Carolina, that a cause of action exists in favor of the Petitioner against the Respondent for a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, upon the statutory grounds of constructive desertion. Deponent further states that the last known address of the Respondent, James R. Moss, was 2804 Amherst Ave., Burlingotn, North Carolina, and that it is necessary that said Respondent be served as the proper party in the above entitled action and that service upon the said Respondent cannot be done without service of the Summons, Petition and Notice by Publication.

Kneece, Kneece & Freeman
BY: Robert C. Ashley
Attorney for the Petitioner
SWORN to before me this
6th day of April, 1978.
Jennene D. Dalton
Notary Public for South Carolina
My Commission Expires:
10/21/80

5/4 TB

LEGAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to the Victory Savings Bank on April 21, 1978, for the issuance of a duplicate certificate to replace originals certificates numbered 498 and 636, which original certificates have either been lost or destroyed. After two years from the issuance of a duplicate certificate original certificates numbered 498 and 636 shall be null and void. 5/11

DOCKET NO. 78-DR40-0743
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

JAMES E. KENT,
Petitioner,
vs.
MARIAN T. KENT,
Respondent.

PETITION FOR ORDER OF PUBLICATION

Now come Ronald A. Barrett, attorney for the Petitioner herein, who would respectfully show unto this Court:

1. That this is an action for a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii.

2. That the Respondent is a resident and citizen of the State of New York, and that the Petitioner has been unable to locate the Respondent in this County and State.

3. That Petitioner's attorney is informed and believes that it is necessary that Petitioner obtain jurisdiction of the Respondent, Marian T. Kent, by service of publication, and it is Petitioner's wish that this Court issue its Order allowing such service.

WHEREFORE, Petitioner prays that this Court issue its Order authorizing service of the Summons and Notice of Filing Complaint and Order of Publication herein.

LOURIE, DRAINE, CURLEE & SWERLING

By: Ronald A. Barrett
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
28 day of March, 1978.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION

Having read and filed the Petition of Ronald A. Barrett, attorney for the Petitioner herein, and it appearing that this is an action for a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, and further, that the Respondent, Marian T. Kent, is a resident of the State of New York and cannot be located in the County and State above named.

IT IS ORDERED that service in this matter be made on the Respondent, Marian T. Kent, by publishing copies of the Summons and Notice of Filing of Complaint and this Order in a paper of general circulation in Richland County, South Carolina, once a week for three (3) consecutive weeks and by forwarding a copy of the pleadings to the Respondent, Marian T. Kent, at her last known address.

John R. T. Major
Columbia, South Carolina
28 day of March, 1978.

NOTICE OF FILING COMPLAINT

TO: THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that the original Summons and Petition in the above entitled action were filed in the Office of the Clerk of the Family Court of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, and other relief as set forth in the Complaint.

LOURIE, DRAINE, CURLEE & SWERLING
By: Ronald A. Barrett
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
28 day of March, 1978. 5/18

Osceola, legals

SUMMONS
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

Dianne A. Waters,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
Claude Alvin Waters,
Defendant;
Defendant.

TO THE DEFENDANT ABOVE NAMED:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint herein, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your Answer to said Complaint upon the subscriber at his office at 3145 Carlisle Street, Suite 102, Columbia, South Carolina, 29205, within twenty (20) days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service and, if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Herman F. Richardson, Jr.
Attorney for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
29th day of March, 1978.

NOTICE

TO: THE DEFENDANT ABOVE NAMED:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that the original Summons and Complaint in the above entitled action were filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, and other relief as set forth in the Complaint.

Herman F. Richardson, Jr.
Attorney for Plaintiff
Columbia, South Carolina
29th March, 1978.

ORDER
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT

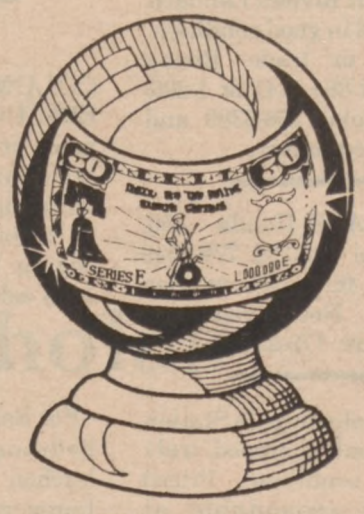
Dianne A. Waters,
Plaintiff,
-vs-
Claude Alvin Waters,
Defendant.

AFTER READING the affidavit of Herman F. Richardson, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff herein, it is hereby

ORDERED that the Defendant, Claude Alvin Waters, be served by publication, as authorized by Section 15-9-710 of the 1976 Code of Laws for South Carolina, and that a copy of the Summons be forthwith deposited in the mails, addressed to the last known address of the Defendant, or served upon the Defendant personally, if the same can be had, and that said publication shall be inserted in Osceola News, a newspaper of general circulation in the State of South Carolina, not less than once a week for three (3) consecutive weeks.

John R. Major
C.C.C.P. & G.S.
for Richland County

Columbia, South Carolina
March, 31, 1978. 5/18



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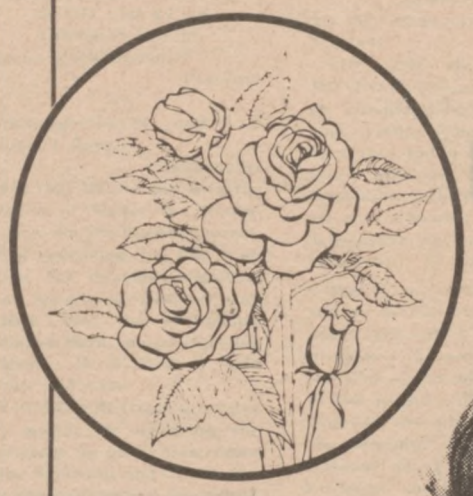
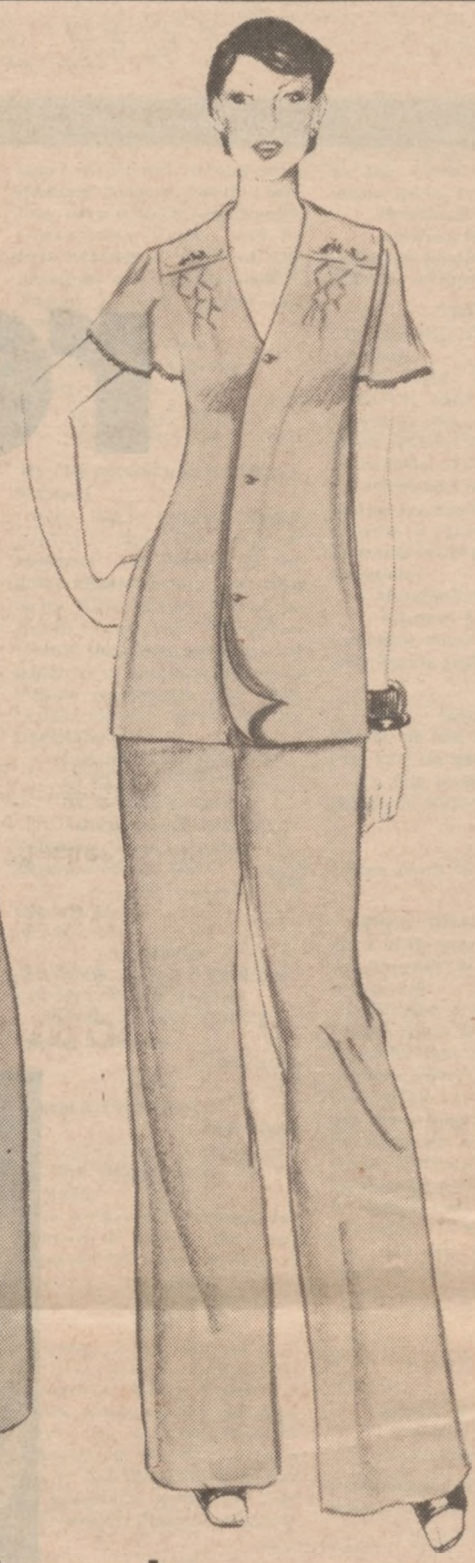


Mother's Day
Sunday, May 14



Kayser lingerie...a very special something for someone very special!

Sunday, May 14 is Mother's Day, an extra special day for the woman of the house. And giving Kayser lingerie is your 'toast of life to the woman you love.' Kayser's Regency collection is soft and delicate, just like a woman. Each style is completely tailored of 'Crepe-Glo,' a combination of anti-cling Crepeset and Enkalure nylon; a sensuously textured surface with a hint of sheen. Has dainty baby smocking and floral prints on bodice. In ice blue, pink blush or lemon cream.

Long gown with elasticized empire waist,
Sizes P-S-M-L...17.00, XL-XXL...18.00

Front zip robe with stand-up collar,
Sizes P-S-M-L...29.00, XL-XXL...32.00

V-neck pajamas with smocking, embroidery,
Sizes S-M-L...19.00, XL...20.00

Not shown:
Short gown...14.00, Short coat...19.00

Second Floor Downtown
First Level Columbia Mall